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#### The St. Joseph's Collegian

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EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S JUNIOR COLLEGE COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



#### The

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Entrance to Administration Building

# THE POET OF THE RETURN TO GOD

By Denis E. Schmitt '36

M ANY poets, perhaps the most of them, seek to find inspiration in the sensuous, in the commonplace, or in highly fantastic emotions. Their poems trace but the banal realities of life, or the Utopian idealism of impossibilities. Few there are whose lyres are tuned by those spiritual emotions that rise from man's intimate relation with God; emotions that know but the love, the mercy, and the awfulness of the Infinite. Among these few poets, Francis Thompson holds high the torch of preeminence which virtually extinguishes the flickering light of the minor wits who claim like honors with him in the school of mysticism. From the days forward, when the inspired pen of St. Thomas Aquinas produced the vast "Summa Theologica", down to the uneasy times in which we live, few writers outside of Francis Thompson, have so profoundly stirred the world with mystical thoughts and allusions. By the creation of one grand ode, he has made himself the mouthpiece of his day by giving interpretation to the loftiest ideals of faith through rich emblematic representations.

An ever growing disgust for moral codes; a despair of ever finding an agreeable philosophy of life, and even a dispirited ennui of life itself were some of the notice-

able characteristics of thought during the nineties of the past century. The fading romanticism of Wordsworth still served, though only feebly, as a source of uplifting aspirations for man, and as a fountain at which millions sought to refresh their thirsting souls. Nature in its beauty was expected to give the loftiest intellectual happiness. But how could nature, finite and corruptible, afford to these wandering souls that happiness and righteousness which can come from God alone? Hence, unable to find the object of their quest, spiritual solace, comfort, and enjoyment, in whatever form romanticism might assume, they turned despondently to the pessimistic whimperings of Thomas Hardy, who makes man an insignificant part of the world and makes him contend with a world-spirit whose sole purpose is to make things go wrong.

As opposed to this drab outlook upon life, there is intrinsic to every man's nature the immortal gift — hope.

"Hope springs eternally in the human breast,

Man never is but always to be blest."
(Pope)

Romanticism could not relieve the soulsick nature-lovers by giving them genuine

hope which is the second soul for the unhappy. Where hope has no bedrock upon which to build, no superstructure for human enjoyment will grow to completion. Alleviation from misery can only derive its measure from hope. Looking on the present with confidence and on the future with courage will not permit the inky waters of pessimism to drown a man. But more than mere worship of nature is required to stave off this catastrophe of being overwhelmed by discontent. This lesson was hard to learn by those who looked upon romanticism as the glory of life. Disillusioned and wearied by the glittering promise of a movement that left nothing but disappointment in its wake, people by the hundred score turned to the spiritual side of life which at least ministered to their dying hopes, as the poet Campbell states it in the following couplet:

"All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,

But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind."

At this turn in popular sentiment, Francis Thompson lived. It was, in a sense, an age of return to God. A wornout pantheism with its close relative, agnosticism, was slowly merging into what was then called modernism. But the mixture was as unsatisfying as the elements that composed it. Something more appealing was in demand. To satisfy this craving, Thompson bent all his efforts towards creating a literary movement, not altogether new in itself, yet so badly forgotten that its revival could very well have called for a copyright. In itself the movement was to supercede effete romanticism by providing a supernatural source from which man might draw spiritual sustenance, something that nature at its best could not provide. Like religious poets who had preceded him by more than two centuries he earnestly sought to bring poetry into the service of heavenly, instead of earthly love. In "To a Poet Breaking Silence," he gives expression to his purpose:

"The Muses sacred grove be wet With the red dew of Olivet, And Sappho lay her burning bows On white Cecilia's lap of snows."

Not even in love poetry, which usually has so much of earthly tang and mere animal aroma about it that it becomes essentially a worldly thing, did Thompson decline from the noble ideal he had conceived. Other-worldly his poems of love are all through, yet they are not unreal. At times intricate, but mostly simple, his "Sister Songs," and "The Poppy" have an atmosphere about them which suggests seclusion. This idea of seclusion or worldshyness is all the more astonishing because Thompson, in his earlier days, was anything but world-shy, or a lover of solitude. A singular change of mind must have settled upon him to make him turn from being a bohemian to adopting the life of a semirecluse. This change did come upon him, however, as his literary work witnesses. Whatever worldliness had been in him was brushed away by an humble and sincerely Christian outlook upon life. As this outlook became more and more clear, he did not hesitate to oppose it to the literary current of his day in the hope that the beauty of mysticism and religion would attract the attention of writers. With this objective in view, he produced works of such excellence that they might very well serve as models for a school of followers.

#### THE POET OF THE RETURN TO GOD

But in spite of his effort and splendid example, the trend of letters continued towards realism. If only his influence could make itself felt at present, possibilities for success in the direction of mysticism would scarcely be out of question.

The hardest blow Thompson struck for his cause, and a blow it was that should have proved telling in its results, was "The Hound of Heaven." Seeing how people. and literary men particularly, could not hurdle the barriers of intellectual pride and submit to the insistent call of God's love, he decided to illustrate in a superb allegory the pursuit of the human soul by the love of God. As a poem, "The Hound of Heaven" belongs to the best in the English language. There is no faltering in its exquisite imagery; no mistake in technical skill; no monotony in its structure. In lines of varying length, that at first seem fantastic, but quickly grip the reader with their attractive rhythm, Thompson sought to picture the errant soul in its restless flight from one pleasure to another, from one worldly interest to another, without ever finding satisfaction or peace. A brief quotation will serve as an illustration of his manner:

"But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat — and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —
All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

But the cause which Thompson sponsored, as already mentioned, was lost. The world of letters continued to rumble along over the road to realism, which had little better to offer than "the grime and sweat" of daily existence and gradually culminated in the disgusting filth of naturalism. That the reading public is growing tired of the continuous parading of the unmentionable is becoming evident, at least, to some extent; but is that public ready to return to God? Perhaps if another author like Francis Thompson would raise his voice in a trenchant poem similar to "The Hound of Heaven," those who are helplessly waiting for the Almighty Pursuer to overtake them might take comfort from the words:

"Rise, clasp My Hand, and come."

Though the past century produced religious poems, it would be hard to find an equal to Thompson's great ode among them. In that ode he has given the world a monument which is a stern reminder to all men that no peace, no rest, no happiness can be expected unless there will be a sincere, a hearty, and joyful return to God. If the world is growing tired of the miseries of worldliness; then only one course remains to be followed, and that course is proposed and emphasized in "The Hound of Heaven."



#### The Shamrock

by

#### L. Moriarty '38

When God made plants and flowers;

The one He made most fair,

He called by name the Shamrock,

And put His emblem there.

In time there came St. Patrick,

A messenger divine,

Who made this noble trifoil

Give up its secret sign.

He showed that in its petals
A mystery reclined:
The symbol of the Godhead,
One easily might find.

Histologial astalogial astalogial astalogial astalogial

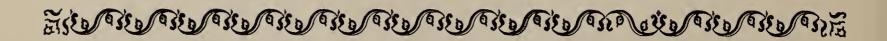
The middle, holds the Father;
The right of Him, the Son;
The left the Holy Spirit;
And yet the three are one.

If nature has its wonders

That set man's eyes a-stare;

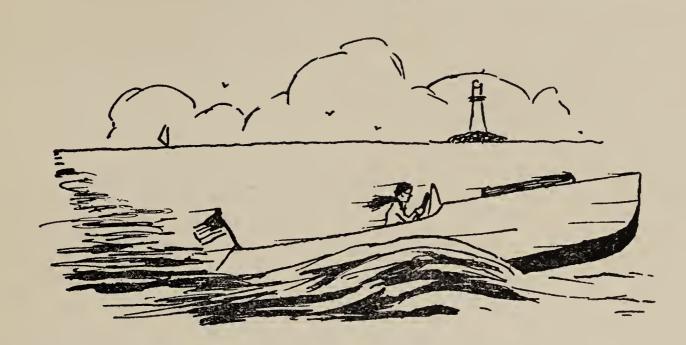
Among them is the Shamrock:

A miracle is there.



#### WINNING WAYS

By James G. Thornbury '35



THE smoke-covered freight of Southern Lines rattled along at top speed as it approached the city limits of Miami. The tempo of the wheels changed quickly from a rapid clankety-clank to a slow waltz time as the engineer applied the brakes to old "Seventy-Four" for a stop at the yards. In the third boxcar, an untagged bit of human cargo began to stir at the noticeable change of speed. This cargo, a sole occupant, who had been comfortably situated in a corner, yawned, stretched, and reversed position to get a view of the surroundings through a small hole made for that purpose. The hole happened to focus perfectly on a large board sign that read "Miami Freight Yards."

Snatching a shabby suitcase, the untaxed passenger opened the door and leaped lightly to the ground. From engine to caboose, the stowaway scanned the train on the look-out for railroad detectives, and seeing none, started across the tracks only to be stopped by a "dick" who ducked around the train from the other side.

"Here, young lady, not so fast." His words freightened the girl. She halted, but made no reply. The "dick" took her by the arm and led her to the freight office where he turned her over to a young policeman with the curt command, "Run 'er in."

Taking her to the rear room of the freight office, the policeman said, "Better wash up a bit," and pointed to a coarse and battered looking washbasin. All the while the girl was busy with her own thoughts. If these people could only know that she was Joan Durvin, the daughter of America's wealthiest oil magnate, they would hardly speak to her so harshly. But, for the present, she was not his daughter; she was just a tramp. Aristocratic social life had sickened her; teas, clubs, and men who worshipped her for her money had disgusted her. She had run away from all this. Her only aim was to learn the ways of real life; to meet people who knew only real love. Until she had made these discoveries, she would not be Marshal Durvin's daughter.

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"All right, young lady, that'll do," said the policeman only to find a very attractive face turned towards him in obedience to his command. This could not be the face of the tramp whom the railroad "dick" had left with him just a few minutes ago? In place of a smudgy, greasy profile peering from under a dirty cap, he now saw an engaging, well powdered, smiling countenance set off with two bewitching blue eyes and crowned with a wealth of golden blond hair. One look at this creation astonished the young officer of the law so completely that he could hardly keep his dignity. He ventured somewhat timidly:

"You must be hungry?"

"I am a little," Joan answered.

"Well, don't you think you'd better get something to eat? You may not get much where you're ——"

She gave him no chance to finish. "That's wonderful of you to be so thoughtful, but I haven't a cent. Wouldn't you — wouldn't you —" she stammered to get the correct word — "oh, yes, will you eat with me?"

The young policeman felt his ears growing red; he felt heat waves radiating from his face. Whether it was his pride that had been wounded, or the increased pulsation of his heart that made him blush, he could not tell. He felt that he must refuse the invitation, but his lips refused to be contrary with the lassie whose eyes repeated the welcome of her words. Joan quickly saw things coming her way.

"Great," she said knowingly, "where shall we go?"

"Haven't you any other clothes to wear?" he asked, noting how his official voice was breaking. "Yes, I have several dresses with me." A charming smile lighted her face as she continued, "shall I wear a blue or a pink one? I'll wear blue, it'll match your uniform, and better yet, your eyes. Where can I change?"

He felt too awkward to speak. Without saying a word, he pointed to a store room adjoining the building.

"I'll hurry," she flung back over her shoulder as she disappeared.

The young officer of the law became nervous as he waited. Why on earth had he suggested eating! Worse yet, he had consented to buy the meal. Had he not resolved to stand by the law without respect to person? And now this clever, blond railway tramp was undoing him. In spite of his honor, dignity, and inmost feeling, he had agreed to everything she had asked of him. In the midst of these self-imposed reprimands, a voice, already familiar, echoed through the room:

"I'm ready, how do I look?"

At these words, he jumped as if it had been a police call, but he merely found himself destined for another round of undoing. There before him stood a well dressed, intriguing, and beautiful young lady.

"Here," she said, "you hold this, — she handed him her battered suitcase — while I straighten my hair."

There was something irresistible and overwhelming in her forwardness. Already she had an officer of the law acting as her personal maid. The officer didn't even know the girl and didn't by any means want to know her. Again he resolved that, after she had a bite to eat, he would immediately "run 'er in" as he had been commanded to do.

At the sandwich shop, they placed an order for hamburgers, java, and pie. To break the silence, Joan broke in:

"I suppose when you arrest a person, it is necessary to have his name, isn't it?"

There was no answer. Joan went on:

"Well, mine is Joan Smith." She had purposely chosen that name Smith, because there were so many Smiths that it was hardly possible to trace the identity of any one by that name. Still there was no answer. Joan pushed her chair close to the officer's and almost whispered in his ear:

"Don't you believe turn about is fair play?"

"Yes," mumbled the policeman sulkily as he moved his chair away from hers.

"Then don't you think you should tell me your name?" Joan insisted, her eyes revealing an anxiety to know.

"Is it the duty of an officer to give his name to a —?" Their eyes met. "Joseph Marlotte is my name. Now is there anything else you would like to know?"

From here on conversation flourished. Between severity and mildness the officer of the law now suffered torture. By turns he was rude and sarcastic, pleasant and agreeable. But the conversation had started. It grew interesting, so interesting that the approach of another man was unnoticed.

"Marlotte," the stranger growled.

Immediately Officer Marlotte stood at attention and acknowledged Inspector Keene.

"What is this, Marlotte?" the inspector quizzed, "we've been looking for you for more than an hour to order you on duty at a fire on Cypress and Pine Avenues, and here you're gabbling with some dame."

Saying these last words, the Inspector glowered at the girl.

Joan caught the glance and stepped towards him. "Inspector, it was all my fault. Really he should have taken me to —"

"Don't believe her, Inspector," Marlotte interrupted. "She's a friend of mine whom I met a while ago. I'm in the wrong."

"Marlotte, you'll be discharged from the force. I'll see to that myself." Without another word the Inspector left.

"Mr. Marlotte, you must let me get you out of this. I'll explain everything just as it happened," Joan pleaded.

If words had come to him, Joseph Marlotte would have answered Joan, but he felt too "down in the mouth" to say anything. After a little reflection, he slowly raised his eyes and replied in a subdued voice:

"No, you can't do that; but I'll have to see what can be done."

"Yes, something must be done, let me help you," she urged.

"Give me tonight to think it over." Officer Marlotte started for the door. He paused to ask, "Where will you stay tonight?"

"Oh, I'll manage all right for tonight. Where can I see you tomorrow?" Her tone of voice showed that her enameled self-assurance was chipping.

"No," returned Marlotte, "You're a little too young to be left alone in a strange city with no place to go. I'll have a place for you."

Shocked at this sudden change of heart, Joan hardly knew how to accept his invitation. But Marlotte was smiling, and in that smile she saw that all his former legal harshness had dissolved. He appeared in every sense trustworthy, honest, and clean. She went with him.

Marlotte lived in a small well-kept camp, as Joan called it, right on the coast. On the inside, the one room was neatly furnished. They had no more than settled down, when Marlotte got busy washing dishes. Joan did not offer to help him; she was too much amused to interrupt the spectacle, but she talked gayly all the while. When the dishes were all disposed of, talk between the two continued till far into the night. Joan was careful not to let fall a single clue that might disclose her identity. Marlotte talked like a Lothario. He had an interesting tale to rehearse. His father, so he said, was the famous Gene Marlotte, the holder of the American Water Derby trophy. In all probability he would still be champion had not Frank Hines in the thirty-three derby crowded in on him, thus causing him to crack up. The accident had proved fatal to the old gentleman. On his death bed, Gene Marlotte had made his only son Joseph Marlotte, promise that he would regain the title or die fighting for it.

The Marlotte property had largely been lost in Wall Stret speculation, so the story ran. All that had been left to Joe Marlotte, was two racing boats that were kept in the boat house near by. The one he had been improving and testing. He had christened that one "The Queen Marie"; Marie was his mother's name. With "The Queen Marie" he intended to wrest the trophy from his sworn enemy in the Sixteenth American Water Derby, which was to be held on July the fourth, only five weeks off. By that time, so he said, he would have had five hundred dollars to pay the entrance fee for the derby, had it not been for the misfortune which befell him today. "I reckon it's all off now," said Marlotte and walked toward the door.

"I'll turn my room over to you, Joan; I'll bunk with "The Queen Marie" in the boat house. Good night."

"Good night," came from Joan.

Early the next morning, Joan was up and had breakfast prepared before Marlotte returned from the boat house. While they were taking breakfast, Joan once more opened the question about helping him clear himself before the authorities.

"I'll have nothing of it," objected Marlotte. "I'll see to it that the authorities won't fire me; I'll fire myself. What I want to say is that if we both look for work, one of us will surely be successful."

The big race was only a few weeks distant. Instead of adding to the money, which Marlotte had saved, they were cutting it down day by day by drawing from the bank to live. Joan's assuring manner was all that kept Marlotte from giving up. But relief came from an unexpected source. That source proved to be Joan's shabby old suitcase. Marlotte must not know anything about it, she resolved, and bravely pretended to have found work. The next Saturday, she flashed her first pay check.

On one day of the following week, Joan returned with startling news. She had put five dollars of her supposed pay on a long shot at the Latonia tracks and he had come through. She brought home a hundred and seventy dollars. Her story sounded good and made sense too, but Marlotte happened to know that the ponies were not running at the Latonia on that day. He did not question her, however; she had the money, and that alone counted. It was only later on that he discovered her trick. She never had a job; she had been selling her jewelry to help him.

The future grew brighter for both of

them, as Joan continued to bring home pay checks which gradually boosted their bank account to the required sum for entrance in the Water Derby and even beyond that amount. Everyday Marlotte was busy trimming up "The Queen Marie" for the approaching event. On Sunday, just two days before the race, he decided to make a speed test. It just happened to be a piece of good luck that Joan was no stranger to boat driving. Often had she driven her father's small craft and that with great care and much speed. On that Sunday afternoon when "The Queen Marie" was to prove her worth, it was decided that Joan should take the other boat, a mate to the "Queen", and drive out to a small island and clock Marlotte in his racer. In the test, "The Quen Marie" showed wonderful pick-up, dash, power. Her performance delighted Marlotte greatly. He would have a race with the boat driven by Joan. He called to her: "Race you in."

"O. K." she answered accepting the challenge.

As "The Queen Marie" rounded the island, Joan's craft lurched forward. make the race worth while. Joan drove with all the skill at her command. But half way on the homeward lap, her boat suddenly snapped out of control. The steering apparatus failed. Reefs were straight ahead; her boat was speeding towards them. Joan screamed loud enough to be heard above the roar of the noisy engines. Marlotte saw her plight and turned the speeding "Queen Marie" in pursuit of the runaway. He hoped to wedge in between Joan's boat and the This was dangerous business; a single error, and neither of them would live to tell the tale. Perhaps it was fortunate that he could not carry out his design. But he succeeded in driving "The Queen Marie" along side of the runaway boat. Joan made the jump, but in doing so the momentum of her body had accidentally knocked Marlotte, who was leaning well to the side of the boat, overboard. No one was at the wheel of "The Queen Marie". Both boats were now headed for the reefs. Evidently, Joan was too badly stunned to know what to do. Just as the runaway boat crashed to splinters on the reefs, "The Queen Marie" swerved out of danger. Joan had recovered her senses and was at the controls. Quickly she returned to rescue Marlotte, who was breathlessly struggling with the waves. After she had brought him to safety, he complained of injuries received in the fall. Immediately Joan took him to the house. A physician who was summoned declared that several ribs were fractured, and that Marlotte must be taken to the hospital as soon as his condition permitted moving.

Despondency, sorrow, and pain were now the portion of him who would be victor in the coming Water Derby. As if in a delirium, he said to Joan:

"I must drive in that race Wednesday, dear."

"Surely, you will," replied Joan, all the while knowing how hopeless it was. Through that night she remained at his bedside. In the morning several club members called to visit Marlotte. Joan went out to speak to them. In the course of conversation they sought to make plans for driving "The Queen Marie" in the race. Marlotte overheard the conversation, but could not make out what had been decided. During their short visit, nothing was said to him by the club members concerning the plans that had been discussed.

#### THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

On the morning of July the fourth Marlotte was moved to the hospital. Joan saw to it that a radio was placed in his room. On leaving she promised to visit him towards evening. At exactly two-thirty that afternoon, a radio announcer read the entry list for the Water Derby:

"Number one, 'Lady Luck'; owner, Cliff Edwards; driver, Steve Roe.

"Number two, 'Speed Ace'; owner, Frank Hines; driver, Frank Hines.

"Number three, 'The Queen Marie'; owner, Joseph Marlotte; driver, unknown." Several other boats were billed, but they were not recognized as possible winners.

A cold sweat broke out on Marlotte's forehead as he heard this list read. He knew nothing for certain about "The Queen Marie". Who was driving his boat? He secretly hoped that Joan had not done anything rash. To ease his mind he sent a nurse to call the club house to find out who was driving No. 3. She returned with the intelligence that the driver's name was not listed.

The entries were approaching the starting line. The race was on. At the very beginning "Speed Ace" took the lead. "Lady Luck" was second. Several other crafts were bunched in after her, leaving the sixth place to "The Queen Marie". At the turn of the eleventh lap "Speed Ace" with Hines as driver was running side by side with "Lady Luck". Hines viciously crowded his opponent and succeeded in causing the "Lady Luck" to crack up. At the beginning of the twenty-first lap, Hines with his "Speed Ace" was far in the lead. But four more laps were left. "The Queen Marie" was rapidly gaining distance, and at the turn of the twenty-fifth lap — to the excitement of all spectators — she got the inside and was running prow to prow with

"Speed Ace" whose driver, Hines, made repeated attempts to crack up his daring opponent. A sudden dull thud, a loud roar, a terrible splashing signaled that a mix-up had occurred between the two racers. Hines had again tried his luck. This time however, "The Queen Marie" alone merged from the congestion to cross the finishing line fully a hundred yards in the lead. She had been limping badly those last few hundred yards. A fatal scar had been inflicted in her side during the mix-up. Only a few yards over the line, "The Queen Marie" stalled. The driver was having trouble with her. A referee boat skimmed out to rescue the driver as the boat seemed to be sinking. Scarcely had the unknown pilot been removed when "The Queen Marie" disappeared beneath the waves.

After a short time the sunken "Speed Ace' was sounded and dragged to shore, together with the body of its driver, Hines, who had lashed himself to his seat so that no jolt, however hard, might faze him. Evidently he could not disentangle himself from the straps which held him, in consequence, his trick proved his undoing. In the presence of the driver of "The Queen Marie", who stood with bowed head, a physician pronounced Hines dead. The crooked pilot had at length met with the same fate which he had meted out to many others in the course of races.

By now, cameramen had crowded to the scene anxiously awaiting a chance to get a shot at the unknown driver of the winning boat, "The Queen Marie". Over the radio in his room at the hospital, Marlotte could hear the gasping and then the shouting of the crowd as the unknown pilot, with helmet off, stood revealed. It was Joan. Cameramen did their stuff; newspapermen asked a shower of ques-

#### WINNING WAYS

tions. From now on Joan could hide nothing. Her adopted name, Smith, no longer protected her; she had to admit that her real name was Durvin, and that she was the daughter of the New York oil magnate. So many startling revelations came in connection with the spectacular boat race in which she won the Water Derby trophy for Marlotte, that all those, who saw her, almost became dizzy with curiosity and excitement. When she had answered the questions of the reporters and had posed for the cameramen, she was off to the hospital. Here she found Marlotte reading the report of the race in the newspaper. He was over-joyed; had much to say, and congratulated her profusely. Their conversation was interrupted by a nurse who brought a telegram to Joan. It read:

"Mother has been worried about you — But you could not fool me, I knew that you were all right — I also know why you left, and I don't blame you — Now your father wants his champion home as soon as possible — Wire when you intend to leave.

Marshal Durvin.

"Well, father's champion, are you leaving?" Marlotte asked with a broad smile.

"Perhaps I can wait until you can come with me," Joan answered.

"Don't forget, young lady, that I still have an order to execute. It's my duty to 'run you in', and that's exactly what I intend to do. Acting as judge in your case, I sentence you to return home under the guard of Officer Marlotte. There, after the proper authorities have been consulted, you shall leave home officially on a life time parole, but still under the guard of your supervising officer. Has the prisoner any remarks to make," Marlotte asked, "to excuse her winning ways?"

"It's against the law to resist an officer," Joan answered with equal cheerfulness as she kissed Marlotte lightly on the forehead.

#### My Horoscope

by

#### G. Heinzen '35

Was it an imp who tapped the chimes when first I breathed the tranquil air of Mother Earth To give some haruspex a sign — the worst — That in this world occurred another birth To make its home within a shell of clay, Or was an angel there to raise a smile And clap his holy hands without dismay To prove me happy in this earthly while?

But if the choice were left with me, I'd say That all my ways be free from king or clown. I fear that sometimes I might go astray And change the angel's smile into a frown. Yet I would ask for grace to goad me on, That life I'll change for an immortal pawn.

#### THIS CRAZY WORLD OF OURS

• By Werner Hemmelgarn '35

THE Red Laugh!" What a title! It has been used as a title for a book by one who belongs to a nation that is laughing "red" all over. For a while it was only this nation, the Russian, that was laughing red; now another section of the world is indulging that grin of menacing color. way of metonomy, war was meant by this variety of laugh. Is there anything less than war in progress at present? Honest people, who see nothing amiss on their own premises, and who have resolved above all to let "that other fellow mind his own business," calmly believe that the alarming reports about villainies and rascalities as practiced in certain countries are greatly exaggerated. Exaggerated, ho! when people are fleeing to the right and to the left from two countries in particular where the red laugh of a most diabolical oppression is everywhere visible, and when our own country, among others, is receiving the burden of these refugees, then, is there reason at all to talk about exaggerated reports?

Both Russia and Mexico are laughing red in the sense of a newly invented oppression. The name for their red laugh is Communism, a system of government which loudly promises "to feed you on pie tomorrow, if only you will allow yourself to be robbed and murdered today." It is, however, not the secular side of the governments in the countries named that chiefly concerns the majority of people. Rather

it is the warfare on Christianity which these governments have inaugurated that is offensive to every one who calls himself a Christian. It seems that the men in these governments laugh red with rage when they encounter anything that even savors of Christianity. They have an enormous lot of precedent for their outrageous conduct in the records of history. Evidently they envy the reputation of the pagan emperors of ancient Rome. But these old Roman Emperors, pagan to the core as they were, nevertheless were sufficiently manly to admit that they persecuted the Christians, but the fellows in the governments of Russia and Mexico do it, but are afraid to admit it. Nero was a gentleman as compared to them.

To make the world all over, and to make of it a real crazy-patch quilt of human knaveries, Communists, as they call themselves, have broken out in the terrific uproar against God and the service which man owes to Him. Trying to be atheists — they try it with all their might — they fondly hope to give poor mankind respite from troubles by means of so-called education. Hence it has come about in Russia and Mexico that churches have been closed; that religious teaching has been forbidden in schools; that those who seek to detend religion are in danger of facing firing squads — treatment which has already been meted out to others in large numbers for the selfsame reason — that

#### THIS CRAZY WORLD OF OURS

the innocence of children is debauched in a way that would make savages blush with shame; that social and economic ruin is stalking about the land. If atheism has nothing better to offer; and judging from its doings and results, it surely has not, then only the blindest of the blind and the criminally stupid can fall into its toils.

One need not be a voracious reader to discover that it has been maintained over and over without fear of meeting any reasonable denial that religion must go hand in hand with education, and if not directly combined in the schools - God knows, it should be done there — then, at least, provision must be made to secure religious education through the church. But the atheists who seek to direct the Communistic flare in the governments of Russia and Mexico apparently cannot get it into their heads that man, though he is an animal, is also more than an animal, and that he requires moral guidance as well as civil guidance. Woe, indeed, will be the bitter fruit for that human society in which "man, as an animal, sees nothing more than an animal in his fellow animals." A people without religion leave the doors wide open for the entrance of every species of oppression. It is ridiculous to hear people shout for freedom, liberty, equality, when they leave out of consideration the one and only source, the one and only protector of these blessings, namely, religion. If Communism has any good in it, its alliance with atheism will never bring that good into evidence. Certain it is that Communism has not produced any very wide-spread happiness in the countries where it has taken root. Thoughtless people may fall for it, the irreligious may welcome it, radicals may ballyhoo it, but when matters come right to a showdown in human suffering, then like Calles, they will take refuge in the help of Christianity — even to a Catholic hospital — to get relief. Often has this happened in the past; often does it happen in the present; so often, in fact, that any one who raises his hand against Christianity may be rightly branded as a fool. Alexander Pope says in a very apt couplet:

"No puny atheist who defies the spies, But quakes and trembles when the thunder flies."

Upon reflection, it would seem that men who would turn their countries atheistic by using civil power which has come into their control think much like Napoleon Bonaparte, who in his day blatantly exclaimed, "What has morality to do with a man like me?" Morality, or rather the lack of it, had just so much to do with him that finally the entire civilized world rose against him and would have nothing to do with him. Many definite indications show that the same fate awaits the present rulers of Russia and Mexico. Though it may appear that other countries are inclined to bear with the doings in these Communistic centers, yet the numerous instances of friction with other governments chargeable to these centers furnish sufficient cause for believing that there will be a "turn about face" in political relations, once troubles become really irritating to such countries as have no use for the red laugh of Communism.

If it is a fact as has been pointed out by writers in excellent magazines, that certain very odd social movements among the nations of the world have had their inception sixty or seventy years ago, and that they have already run their course;

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then hopes are well in place that the efforts on the part of some old-timers to make this world a thoroughly crazy home for people are doomed to failure. May this doom with its failure come quickly! Peace, and above all religious peace, is a requirement for settled, comfortable, and progressive living. Communism has no such peace to give. That much, at least, may be inferred from what is daily reported about the countries which practice it. Surprising as a thunderclap coming out of the clear blue of heaven are the modern attempts to adjust society to age-old, time-worn. long-discarded formulas of living. Can Communists in Russia and Mexico really think that they are invoking a brand new blessing upon their fellow men by putting before them the principles of animalism, atheism, irreligion, and such like practices as have been laid to their charge by reliable reports?

If Communism can be dissociated from atheism and its accompanying vices, then an example of this kind ought to be discoverable in the history of past centuries. Somehow, no one has succeeded in unearthing any such example. Perhaps Communism is not centuries old. Oh, yes, it reaches back to the days of the old Spartan Lycurgus, — probably even further — whose period of life is thrust so far back into fable that nobody knows just when he lived. It may not always have had the same form that it has now, but it has always been kindred in spirit. Whatever it was in the past is of little consequence

to this modern world, but what it is at present with its red laugh, its warfare on Christianity, namely, is of the utmost importance. That it could be tolerant of Christianity, nobody would question; for Christianity can exist under any form of government if only it will be let alone. That it must oppose evils wherever found, whether these evils be in or outside of the governments under which it exists, belongs to its essence and nature. To conquer evils that necessarily make human life unhappy is the grandest mission in all this world, and that mission ought to be loved, respected, and supported.

How civil authorities in Russia and Mexico brought themselves to believe that Christianity, and chiefly its motherhood embodiment in the Catholic Church, could operate to the detriment of the people in these countries is more than hard common sense can explain. Perhaps it is the disposition of Judas Iscariot that has entered these officials, or it may be the shewolf of greed, or it may be the impishness of insubordination and conceit. From good motives such opposition could never proceed. Christ and His teaching will ever remain the greatest blessing that this world has experienced. In comparison, the feeble wit of man, whether expressed in Communism, with its red-laughing atheism, or in any other form of social nuisance, will always prove to be ineffectual for happiness, but will be very conducive towards making this world look more and more like a lunatic asylum.



#### IT DOESN'T MATTER

By James O'Grady '35

THE whistle of the Superior Boat Fac-L tory gave a loud wheeze. To the ears of both the factory employees and the office force its dull blast was tuneful. released them from another day of toil. The fresh evening air enlivened by the glint of the setting sun proved exhilarating to the laborers. Joking and laughing they hurried homeward. Only two of the office personnel did not leave at once when the desk locks clicked on this particular evening. Ann Dobson pretended to have special work in charge, and her torment, Lucy Andrews, knew that Ann was merely bluffing. Pretense on the part of the one, and inquisitiveness on the part of the other caused both of them to loiter in the office after the others had gone away.

Bruskly Ann got up, put on her wraps, and made for the door. But Lucy did not miss her chance to wedge in a sarcastic question:

"I suppose you're walking home with your begrimed Romeo tonight; he'll meet you at some street corner, how about it?"

"Sure I am," Ann snapped back. "For your information, well, I'm going to a show with him."

"But why are you so crazy about him, and why do you want to see him so often?" Lucy quizzed. "You know he's only a day laborer, a carpenter out in the factory. Now listen to me, Ann. You're an office girl. I want to tell you that this Eddie Marvin is no kind of a pal for you. You have a

terrible pull with the manager of the firm. don't you know? The other girls and I think you're a fool."

"Eddie Marvin is a real man," Ann retorted somewhat hotly. "He's not a silly little fluff like that manager. Besides, Lucy Andrews, if the manager were taking me to a show tonight, you would turn green enough from envy to sprout and blossom like a weed."

At a corner of a street, Ann turned abruptly away from Lucy and started towards a group of workers who were still on their homeward lap. Eddie Marvin stepped out of the crowd as he saw Ann coming. With smiles they greeted each other; marched off; exchanged pleasantries in conversation, and let everybody see that they enjoyed each other's company.

"Gee, it's swell to have you waiting for me evening upon evening after work," ventured Eddie cheerily while swinging his lunch bucket. "Work goes about a dozen times faster, Ann, when you're around, and I don't ever feel tired."

"The same with me, Eddie," Ann lisped coyly as she clipped her arm tightly in his. "Oh, isn't it a glorious evening!"

Both laughed a trifle roguishly at this mutual exchange of feeling. Words slipped along rather unguarded and turned the moment into a precious one, but Eddie was too confused to seize the opportunity for giving further expression to his sentiments. His personal appearance bothered his

mind. He hoped to excuse it, and began to explain:

"Here I am, a clumsy, dirty looking fellow walking home with you, a — well, shall I say — queen." Then he added apologetically, "I hope that all this will end happily some day."

"I'm not sure of what you mean, dear." The final word came so naturally in Ann's talk that it seemed to pass unnoticed.

"Just the same," Eddie continued, "I'll be over to see you tonight. It's something very important."

They had now come to Ann's home. At the door, she lingered for a moment, turned to Eddie and said with a smile:

"You are most welcome to come; you are welcome right now. Don't talk about being dirty. You're returning from work, and you ought to show signs of it."

"Well, I'll see you a little later. Pardon me for going; but don't forget about the show." Saying these words in a jolly manner, Eddie hurried away.

Later by two hours, a young man, handsomely dressed, put in his appearance at the Dobson home. It would have been difficult to identify him with the work-begrimed laborer of a few hours previous. Ann met him on the porch and greeted:

"Good evening, Mr. Marvin. You see I must be more formal now in speaking to you. You're all dolled up. But I suppose it's Eddie just the same; how about it? My, but you're punctual; very correct and gentlemanly, aren't you?"

Eddie merely answered with a laugh. He motioned Ann to the swing on the ivy-covered porch. For some minutes they occupied themselves with small talk. Finally, Eddie stammered:

"Ann, I've brought you something."
"What might it be?"

Without replying, he drew from his pocket a little plush case; unsnapped it, and the moonlight sifting through the greenery broke its beams on a beautiful ring-mounted diamond.

"Ann, dear, will you take it?" Eddie asked timorously.

"Oh Eddie!" she exclaimed, "it's too beautiful for words. Of course I will."

It was the age-old story of a youth and maiden pledging their mutual love. The happiest hearts in the factory town on that night belonged to Eddie and Ann. Where mere bandying of words had held place, now serious planning ensued. Going to the show was forgotten. Interests far removed from amusement demanded attention. As night wore on, important matters were adjusted. The date of the wedding alone was not yet chosen.

Upon retiring that night, Ann lay awake for a long time thinking of her fiance. She spoke her thoughts aloud. "Well, I'm engaged! I don't care if he is only a factory worker; he is the best man in all this world, the best looking, the most reliable. Let the girls at the office snub me because I'm engaged to a laborer. I don't care. It will hurt, I know, but Eddie will not always have to work in a factory; he's too good never to advance."

On the next morning, Ann was rather doubtful whether or not she ought to wear the tell-tale ring that would shower down upon her much unfavorable comment. She fancied hearing Lucy Andrews saying, "Marrying a factory hand, a fellow who hardly makes enough to keep himself? Still she has the brass to flash his ring. She could have a better and bigger ring. Some people are simply dumb." In spite of teasing remarks, such as might be guessed,

Ann wore the ring to the office. A flush of pride and happiness made her bold.

She had not been at her work in the office for long, when snobbery, petty remarks, sly smirks and glances came to her notice. Several of the girls would hardly acknowledge her except with a sneer or an abrupt nod. Evidently she had disgraced herself in their eyes. Others simply giggled, whispered, and occasionally gave her a sidling squint. In the whirl of this annoyance, she merely said to herself, "Why bother; they would not understand anyway?"

As the day wore on towards noon, a sudden commotion drew every one's attention in the factory. The rattle of typewriters stopped; the office men, together with the typists, rushed out into the factory. There they saw a handcuffed man led away by a squad of police to the "Black Maria." Everybody asked questions. The office girls chatted; troubled one another to find out the meaning of the incident, and looked out of the windows. Ann's fall from grace was momentarily forgotten until Eddie Marvin appeared. At once he was the objective of a fusillade of questions. But he disengaged himself from the press; went over to Ann and told her the entire story. Overcome with excitement, the others now listened, though they were not courteous enough to apologize for their curiosity.

"Ann, I want you to know all about this happening," Eddie went on to say. "Rawlins is the name of the man taken by the police. For more than a year I have been detailed to shadow him. He was suspected of being a crook. I had to befriend him to gain his confidence. For this purpose, I worked beside him and made him believe that I was the worst crook to be

found anywhere. He was careful for a long time, but gradually he loosened up. I got the last clue from him this morning that he was definitely connected with the robbery of the Milton Bank two years ago. In fact I found out from him that it was he who shot the works. It is my business to discover such fellows."

"What do you mean," interposed Ann, "by saying it is your business to spy on others?"

"You see, I'm really a detective. Here are my credentials from the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Now that you know as much, does the proposition of last night still hold good?"

"Why did you hold out on me concerning this matter?" Ann asked, somewhat peeved.

"Well, Ann, if you were willing to accept me in dirty clothes, as Eddie Marvin, the laborer; then you will surely have no objections to Eddie Marvin, the detective, will you?"

"Ah, Eddie, dear, you're a dandy!" came from Ann. "Clothing, dirty or clean, well, it doesn't matter."

In these words from Ann, Eddie saw his hopes secure. He took leave with a promise to see her soon. A dozen thoughts crowded into her mind at once, but to only one of these did she give expression, and that one she directed to the girls:

"I wonder what you girls think of my choice now? Lucy Andrews, would my diamond look better or mean more if it were a bigger one?"

There was no reply, but a lot of envy flushed many faces. When the factory whistle wheezed out the quitting hour on that day, Ann took leave of her companions in work — a leave that was in every way for good.



#### Harewell to Winter

by

M. Stohr '35

The tangs of odors manifold
Arise from ruthless Winter's rout
And waft along on sweetened vernal breath,
Which seeks by gentle warmth to make repairs
Of ruins wrought
By uncouth Boreas, while he roughly toyed
With trees and vines; with birds and flowers.

This savage flattery which old Winter loves
To spread
Where'er he clumps with frosty step
Is now spurned even by great Aeolus,
King of winds,
Who binds the chilling tyrants of the air,
And in their place unleashes gentle Zephyrus
That he may breathe into the frost-killed forms
Of earth and all its vegetation grand
A spirit young, a soul all filled with fire.

Adown the hills Aroma comes
On wings of myriad colored butterflies
And scatters fragrance on the rose;
Pours nectar in the lily's cup;
Dips honey on the orchid's lips;

#### FAREWELL TO WINTER

Gives scent to lilac's clustering tubes, And sprays her perfume through the skies.

To change the white monotony,
Which trails the tracks of Winter grim,
Next Iris brings the rainbow down
From balmy skies
And melts its colors multiform
O'er heads of trees and buds of flowers.
A riot then of pigment shades,
Such as no artist ever mixed
On brush or on the ruling stone,
Spreads out upon this earthly canvas vast
A pattern huge and various in design
Such as Arachne never wrought upon her loom
When bravely she attempted to outdo
Minerva's skill
And win the guerdon of celestial praise.

In turn the leafy broidery in festoon
Drapes every tree and shrub and shooting herb
In mantles of most lively green.
The forest is a verdant cloud;
In grassy billows roll the hills;
The hedges don their coat of serpentine;
Whatever grows renews its life in green and red,
And when there's white, it is not Winter's shroud,
For he has vanished with the fading streaks of snow
To yield his place to her who comes
Bedecked with violets, primrose garlands,
Shooting stars,



The gladly welcomed, ever lovely Spring.

#### LIFE IN A MODERN MIRROR

By Donald Klaus '35

↑ N ambition, properly called a "cradle A ideal" in this instance, to write dramas and write them with a tinge of realism, has ever been the impelling motive of Rachel Crothers as a playwright. I call it a "cradle ideal" because she was young — by young I mean the age of a child she, a contemporary American dramatist, gave expression to her calling in life. Speaking for herself, she says that the first things she can remember are the little dramas she enacted as a small tot with her paper dolls. She made them live by acting out their imaginary lives herself in word and deed. Equally remarkable is her conceit, as she herself relates, of completing a theatrical scene with one set of dolls before allowing the other group to appear. A striking indication this, of orderly dramatic arrangement.

With a slant for the dramatic so pronounced in early childhood, it is hardly astonishing that Rachel Crothers should produce a rather serious five-act drama in 1890 at the age of twelve. Extraordinary! one might exclaim. Surely, surprising it was, but she did it. She called that play "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining" and presented it amid the humble setting of the attic in the Crothers' home. A crude launching upon a successful career this was, but a glorious one at that. The playlet did not bounce her into literary fame or public acknowledgement, but it

did give her encouragement and an undying enthusiasm to reach perfection in writing for the stage.

Her first professional hit came in 1906, and thenceforward, she averaged almost a play a year. Despite this profusion in dramatic work, none of her plays are of the slap-stick variety as one might readily expect from apparently hurried production. They are all real plays with a heart in them. According to her personal opinion, "a play that is not ready should simply be put away and should not be allowed to come out again until the author has acquired better perspective." It was this striving for perfection which she displayed in her "doll-dramas" that contributed so extensively to her later success as a playwright. The talent which came to her as mere seed, she fostered into blossoming, and the blossoms ripened into fruit; a fruit that became more rich and abundant as she advanced in the skill of dramatic technique.

Progress was a watchword with Miss Crothers. A superficial survey of her plays reveal this ideal in the development of her style, in the shrewder organization of plot, and in the ever advancing portrayal of character. Thus, in "Nice People," this keynote of her purpose emerges in social criticism with its required briskness in diction, its significantly realistic character sketching, and its rigid outline

of plot. To exhibit life at close quarters, she employs the wrong and the right in human conduct in such wise as to bring one into contrast with the other. Nothing of that perverted sense of realism is present which leads to a debased concept of life. Her notion of the drama was too refined to admit grossness and vulgarity for the sake of putting a sting into her plays. What realism is in evidence serves only to make her characters natural. Her outlook upon life is thoroughly moral. Wrong-doing has its reaction in evil consequences; doing what is right reaches the reward of virtue. Miss Crothers succeeds in effecting a bland unity between her temperate realism and her upright criticism of society.

The idea of a drama without a lesson could not enter the mind of Miss Crothers. Perhaps no one thinks of writing a drama without a lesson, but it does frequently happen that dramatists convey only obscurely what they wish to teach, or dwell on topics unworthy of presentation. These faults are not to be found in Miss Crothers' plays. In "Nice People", which is an ironical title for the social class it typifies, she illustrates in a forceful manner the mental attitude of the young, aristocratic, money-rich class. Thinking only of the "godly" dollar, the members of this class are shown to be whimsical in their ways and utterly careless about the ground on which they tread. To follow the promptings of the "ego" and to get away with it, is very heaven for them. "Feast and enjoy the wine of life today, for tomorrow we shall die" is the foremost thought in their minds, but in the face of this conduct, Miss Crothers lets them know that there is danger in the licence they take, and that there is no triumph for the libertine over the laws of right and wrong. The play is particularly commendable for being clean of any undercurrent of the salacious and of slyly concealed hints at immorality. True enough, a scandal of the social type is fomented by popular suspicion, but there are no sensible grounds for the suspicion; hence, a chance is given for living the scandal down. The persistent obstinacy in doing just this by the heroine of the play, Theodora Gloucester, constitutes the sequel of the story.

As an indication of progress towards dramatic excellency in Miss Crothers' plays, "Nice People" shows that she was becoming increasingly sure in her judgment of people whom she chose to characterize. Upon comparing it with another of her plays, "39 East", added facility is noticeable in reality of dialogue; trifling whims and impulses of passion receive more attention; contrasts are more startling. In general she draws images of life that will serve as full-length portraits of normal human beings.

To give proof that she has penetrated the tangled ways of human affairs with much close observation, Miss Crothers brought out "Expressing Willie" to illustrate the self-expressing movement that has gained so much favor with American people. The idea which underlies the "express-yourself" movement teaches that everybody, no matter how insignificant he is, could be a great "somebody" if only he would use the faculties at his disposal. Plainly, this curious doctrine implies that anybody who is not a successful musician, lawyer, business man, or is not at least known for some special quality, has stifled some great power native to his soul simply, he has failed to express himself.

Very artfully Miss Crothers exemplifies the social fad, "Self-expression" by per-

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mitting the hero of the play, "Expressing Willie", to be misled by several self-expressing friends. That he was only a commonplace individual, despite his fabulous riches, was brought home to him by these "would-be rulers of human destiny". They told Willie, the hero, of a new avenue of life through which he must travel if he would ever be a man; that his present success was only accidental, and that he must not rest contented with the fortunes of accident. Self-expression is the slogan used to dupe Willie, while his advisers in this new doctrine are helping themselves liberally with his riches and live like parasites at his expense. Parties, of course, are in order. At one of these week-end carousals, Willie has been brought to the point of expressing himself in the affairs of the heart to a "soulless", divorced lady. His mother is apprised of her son's intentions and is determined to see to it, that before he will express himself, he will express himself rightly — to Minnie.

To show good reason for the satirical vein running through "Expressing Willie" Miss Crothers must represent these visionaries of the "self-expressing" complex just as they are in reality. She is kind enough to be as inoffensive in this proceeding as at all possible. The character of the soulless widow, the flamboyant niceties of speech used by the friends of Willie are framed in a playful manner — more in the nature of subtle intimation than by way of repeated suggestion. As in her other plays, so in this one, sordidness is not introduced to awaken interest, but to mock its depravity.

A far cry, one might say, between these plays and the dramatic "cradle ideal" of Miss Crothers' childhood days. The vocation to be a playwright, embryonic in her mind when she set the stage with dolls in the attic of her home, has developed into full reality in her advancing years. She is still busy in her chosen field of letters, and there are reasons for hopes that she will give many more delightful plays to amuse people and to teach them the difference between hokum and good sense, between virtue and vice. May she continue to hold up the mirror to modern life on the stage.



#### Conversion

by

#### J. Thornbury '35

The trees stood bare, they lacked all verdant hue;

The sod lay parched, there were no flowers then;
No sparkle graced the balmy morning dew.

I could not hear the song of working men,
As slow they walked behind the plow. Nor hear

The murmur of the brook that danced along
Its lilting way. To me it brought no cheer;

There was no beauty in its sprightly song.

But when the light of faith shone on my way

The skies grew bright, the flame of dawn more fair;
The sunset was more gorgeous every day,

And warbling melodies swept through the air.
Oh Lord and God, to me you gave the light!

I pray you, keep me in the path of right.



# Spring Songsters

#### R. Bierberg '35

"O hark, O hark! the lark through heaven sings; As Phoebus 'gins to rise," refulgent, bright, He's welcomed with a song of shrill delight That's carried high on soaring, silvery wings. The bard of Muses and of Cynthia brings His notes most sweet that tinkle through the night, For he would also add his share to our delight By song that only in the darkness rings.

At greying dawn, a lark I once espied
Who winged on high and seemed to say to me,
"Enjoy fair youth, lest it untimely fade."
I asked the bard of night, and he replied
With wisdom sad: "The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made."

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Thoughts and Thoughtlessness
 Earning an Education

"A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." Logically, mathematically, we know this to be true. But the course of a tiny brook, even that of the mightiest rivers, is not a straight line. Antecedent to logic, greater than mathematics, nature follows the line of least resistance. In this respect, people still live very close to nature. Things that must be done, we do, but we commonly plan the quickest and the easiest route to their accomplishment. The first time we try something, it may involve a process of intense mental occupation. Once we have solved the problem, we repeat the solution thoughtlessly, that is, without special mental effort. In all that we seek to learn, thinking becomes imperative for a while; but we make that while as brief as possible. Recurrent tasks of similar structure require less and less concentration until the method or act which they involve becomes a second nature.

Of slow and deliberate progress were the first faltering footsteps of early childhood days. In our little minds, we concentrated as much as possible to make sure that every movement of our feet would be safe. Then, about the house there came into existence an exploring party of one toddling little person — sure walking was achieved. In much the same way, speech came to be

our prized possession. From an intellectual performance, discourse, like walking, was transformed into a reflex habit.

As we grew up, our mentality broadened. We continued to acquire more and more habits until in most of the affairs of life, we could dispense with thinking. It is the triumph of the human mind to dispense with itself. If it were not for the benefit of habit, we should always have to think before making any movement or speaking any word. Great enterprises could not be carried out in this way. Hence it comes to pass that thoughtless action, namely, habit is the greatest progressive factor in human affairs. A group of advantageous habits will assist up in making our lives efficient, agreeable, and easy. It is this idea which Oliver Goldsmith had in mind when he wrote about "crowning a youth of labor with an age of ease."

College years, above all, are intended to give students the required occasion for acquiring those habits of order and correctness, which will make them reliable, able, and successful people in later life. The more good habits any one will gather into his system during years of study, the surer he can be that coming years will repay the efforts to develop these habits with the reward of success. Thinking in order to acquire good habits, and thoughtlessness in the exercise of them are the two columns that support the arch of outstanding

achievement in every division of human endeavor.

G.D.L.

With the present aid of the national government under the guise of the F.E. R.A., thousands of young men and women are realizing their dream of a college education. This move is like sending another Michael to cast down the fiery dragon of crime that challenges the world through the minds of idle youth. Building its argument on the old adage, "The youth of today are the men of tomorrow," the government aims at raising the morals of future America.

This undertaking on the part of the government deserves the whole-hearted cooperation of all factors that can, in one way or another, lend assistance to insure success. But we find again to our dismay that one factor, and a large one at that in our country, instead of giving aid, is reneging on the job. This is a discordant blare that comes from one section of our otherwise harmonic symphony. Naturally, the government appropriation can take care of only a limited number of students, leaving others by the thousands who are high-school graduates to loaf in beer gardens and associate with company that will prove a blight on their young lives.

The delinquent section in this enterprise, the business man and the manufacturer, will discover later on that they have not been keeping step with the parade of progress, as they very well might have done. Theirs are the instruments that are out of harmony with the tune which the government is setting for America. They certainly cannot be blind to what is going on under their very eyes.

In this period of slow recovery from the late economic disturbances, employers are gradually taking on more men. At once a plan suggests itself. Since the F.E.R.A. cannot include in its educational project all young men and women, could not these employers hire, as far as is possible, such young men and women who are racking their brains for some solution to the problem of their education? Surely if each employer could furnish work for a half dozen of these young people, the aggregate total would be astounding. The employers, moreover, could learn to understand these young people as they observed them at work, and could, perhaps, discover those who are fitted for training in the special work of the factory or business place. Whether or not any such discoveries would be made is not just the important thing, but it is important that young men and women should be given a chance to prepare themselves for a career in life. After working for a year, they could resume their studies with a probable chance for returning during the summer time to make enough money to finance their coming months in college. Thus the circle would widen until they had completed their courses and could stand before the world as citizens fit for, at least, some profession.

Powerful owners of factories in past times have been great philanthropists. No doubt, there are men of this kind in our country today. What more suitable act of kindness could they extend to young people than to offer them a chance to rise from obscurity to fame and success in the world? Education is essential to this end. What can be done towards assisting the national government in its plan for educating young men and women should be done without stint or neglect by those who

#### THE EDITORS

have the means at their disposal. Surely it will be a cause for just pride if any one can say, "There is a young man who has made good; there is a young woman who has made good. I have sent them through college. I have no reason to regret the sacrifice."

J.G.T.



#### **Enchantment**

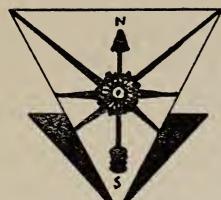
by

H. Hoos '36

One night as I was strolling beneath the open sky,
I wondered at the universe, the moon, the stars on high.
The swirling brook, the lisping leaves, all spoke of the Almighty,
And everything I gazed upon did praise His Being rightly.

I wondered if the soughing breeze was sighing for that Being; I wondered if the nightingales were filled with hope of seeing That God, Whose silhouette is limned in scenery of the night; The One, Who rules the mighty orbs, in darkness as in light.

O glorious world! O universe! when I do gaze upon thee,
I fully understand you are the art of One and all Three;
The masterpiece of that great Hand, Who made you so enchanting,
Could only be the masterpiece of One, Who's everlasting.



# EXCHANGES



As a magazine of the Catholic revival, The Fleur de Lis has adopted a program both practical and educational. One can understand the policy of this magazine from such titles as: "Leon Bloy;" "Writing That Is Catholic;" and "The Sheeds: Their Publishing Business." All the articles flow from the heart of the true Catholic youth of today, the youth who is unafraid, nay, anxious to find an organ in which he can express himself freely. The Fleur de Lis, every college magazine should adopt some definite policy. Youth should not be ignored, but should be allowed to express his views. It is sometimes found that the ideas of the younger generation are of nearly as much importance as those of a generation who, although experienced in life, still cling to ideas which are often very stereotyped.

There is, however, one sphere in which we cannot agree with *The Fleur de Lis*, namely, that of poetry and fiction. Has the Muse deserted the campus, and is collegiate fiction decidedly lacking? It is true that the Muse is scarcely to be found on the campus, but she has not deserted it, she has been forced to leave. Perhaps our modern colleges do not sufficiently stress the beauty and strength of poetry. Poetry should be fostered. It is because of this half hearted feeling that one finds that "while contemporary collegiate verse is good, it does not achieve the level to

which it is capable of rising." Then again, while fiction in one form or another is ever abundant, of what caliber is it? A vast majority of the modern collegiate fiction has a plot and nothing more. The wouldbe characters are so dimly portrayed that they are mere shadows in the distance. Whether these sad conditions are due, as The Fleur de Lis upholds, to the emphasis put on professional studies, or to some other circumstances, they must be remedied in one way or another. Many of our college magazines, however, have given us, and are giving us, poetry and fiction that is undeniably literary in quality.

Parallel with the standards of *The Fleur de Lis* is *The Loyola Quarterly*. In this magazine the faculty of Loyola University have included articles which help to make the magazine a more educational production. All the essays included in the Autumn edition are of the first rank. Although *The Loyola Quarterly*, by specializing in essays has established a definite policy, it seems to have forgotten the other side of the question. It cannot be denied that a magazine well balanced with essays, poetry, and fiction is an educational as well as an enjoyable product. Variety should, therefore, be found in every college journal.

With a different point of view than the two former magazines, The Duquesne

#### EXCHANGES

Monthly is once again our welcome guest. While the former consist essentially of essays, the latter glories in fiction and poetry. It is plainly evident, however, that one of the ends of this magazine is that of furnishing an outlet for the thoughts of the younger generation on their favorite subjects, and not a mere record of the better class assignments. We believe that The Duquesne Monthly has adopted a very laubable policy in including a "Guest of Honor" and an essay by an Alumnus. The latter gives the students the ideas of one who has suffered the setbacks of life, who can show the fallacies in the modern student's idea on our educational system; the former gives the best of collegiate literature a wider circulation.

The short stories in the January issue of *The Duquesne Monthly* are beyond a doubt on a par with any short stories included in our exchanges. They do not lack originality; the characters are fairly well portrayed; the plots are very well developed.

The poems, on the other hand, sometimes lack inspiration, the soul of poetry. Several of them, however, can be cited as exemplary models for collegiate poetry.

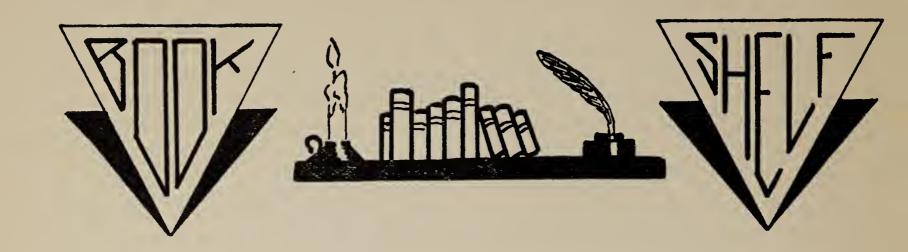
The Gothic, in accordance with the ideal college magazine, brings us one of the widest ranges in articles of our exchanges. This magazine is a compendium of essays, poetry, and other short sketches. Only one element is lacking — short stories. It

is true that "colorful stories are always welcome in any college magazine, and present a balance between the essays, which by their nature are conducive to deeper thought." A short story is always a welcome find after perusing several heavier essays. The Gothic also has the distinction of being one of the few of our exchanges to include a play. The play, "The Passing of Katherine," is truly a scholarly production. It has an excellent plot and is drawn up in a most skillful manner. The poetry, which is very profuse, at times has real bardic inspiration, but more variety in the poetry would add much to the beauty of the magazine.

Directly opposed to the policies of most of the foregoing magazines is *The Purple Pen*. It consists, with the exception of "The Geography of Tennyson," of poetry and fiction. Some of the stories are well constructed; others contain a fair plot and nothing more. The poems also are quite well constructed. Such a work as "Factory Incident," however, is not true poetry; it is the expression of the pseudo-realistic style which is too noticeable in present day writing.

The following exchanges have also been gratefully received: *The Collegian*, St. Mary's College, California; *Xaverian News*, Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Chimes*, Cathedral College, New York, New York.





# THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH By Franz Werfel

The World War. How many pages of history, how many novels have been written about the great World War? Here is another novel with that same war as its background. It is the same, yet it is different. This paradox can be solved by reading Franz Werfel's The Forty Days of Musa Dagh, wherein the cruel extermination of the Armenian Christians by the Turkish Empire under Enver Pasha is the axis around which the story rotates. Village after village was ruthlessly sacked by Turkish soldiers, and the inhabitants were forced into convoys, carried away, and marched into the desert.

Gabriel Bagradian, the hero of the novel, is an Armenian by birth who had previously served in the Turkish army and later lived in France and Eastern Europe. When the story opens he has just returned to his native village Yoghonoluk. Strange rumblings of the turmoil which has started reach this village. A short time later a band of refugees led by Pastor Aram Tomasian arrive at the village. Having escaped from the convoy in which they were being deported and spent two weeks in laborious travel, they are filled with the horrors of the ruthless exiling. Their story arouses into a raging fire of hatred and re-

bellion the dormant spirit of the quiet villagers surrounding the mountain plateau of Musa Dagh. The villagers rally around Gabriel Bagradian, who, with the assistance of Ter Haigasum, the Orthodox chief priest of that district, persuades them to withstand the deportation. Under the governmental jurisdiction of Ter Haigasum and the martial command of Gabriel Bagradian these five thousand villagers swear to fight against extermination unto death or rescue.

Forty days of fierce attack and bold resistance follow; through forty days of sickness, starvation, strife and despair these Armenians valiantly withhold the superior Turkish army. During these forty days Gabriel loses all that he prizes highest: he himself is tortured by a secret love which he must and does control; his beloved wife proves herself unfaithful by sinning with a despicable half-breed Greek; his more beloved son is captured and hacked to pieces; the patriotic cause itself seems destined to failure. Finally come the last skirmish, approximate defeat, surrender, and unexpected rescue by a French fleet. Defeat and victory are almost simultaneous. But Gabriel Bagradian, whose willpower had all but been broken, who had lost all that his heart and soul held most dear on the blood-drenched plateau of Musa Dagh, is destined to give his body also in death on the very day of rescue. Because he now loathes his unfaithful wife and at the same time fears to associate with Iskuhi, the woman for whom he craves, and because his heart is attached to Musa Dagh he refuses to board the rescue ship; instead, he escapes into the mountain where he is discovered by Turkish scouts and put to death.

Such in brief is the story. While the pulse of action beats loudest on the mountainous plateau of Musa Dagh, there are many other definite throbbings far from the besieged mountain. How Dr. Lepsius, an ardent defender of the Armenian cause, persistently combats this horrible extermination of the peaceful Armenian people; how displomatic ministers of all countries are entreated to stop this so-called war emergency measure of the heartless Enver Pasha are examples. In this manner Franz Werfel has produced a novel based on historical fact and bristling with human interest.

The author handles his plot in a most authentic fashion. Few novelists can put such force of strength into one story. While reading this historical novel one becomes entirely lost in the world, life, and action of the story. This exile on the spacious plateau of Musa Dagh becomes so real, so engrossing that the reader sincerely believes himself for the time to be living on the very mountain itself. The intensity of excitement, the reality of life, the expansiveness of emotion, and the magnitude of suspense are so gripping, so powerful that the story should live, becoming a lasting part of our literature.

In portraying the rebel-patriot's life Werfel fails to do complete justice to the other characters. They seem entirely submerged by the circumstances and conditions of the story; action is so overestimated that the characters become mere chessmen on the great chessboard of activity. They lack individuality, personality; they are left, so it seems, to follow blindly the fantasm of fate.

Too, much of the long, monotonous philosophizing could probably more profitably be left to the reader. Still, it is doubtful whether the reader would discover this readily; the pages spent in deep study of the reaction of the characters to circumstance do have a place. At any rate, Werfel's philosophizing, though prolix, is powerful.

Lastly, Franz Werfel has handled the delicate situation of adultery most cleverly; he records the unfaithfulness of Gabriel's wife in bold but unoffending language. Through the reactions of the people toward Juliette and Gonzague after they had sinned he clearly shows his own detestation of that sin.

Richard J. Trame, '36

THE HERALD OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

This book is not a real biography; it is an exact record. It is furthermore, a book of meditations. I mean that the deeds, the remarks, the practices, and the virtues of Blessed Gaspar are so unfolded and fitted into The Herald of the Precious Blood that they impel consideration and urge imitation. They, together with the chronicle of Blessed Gaspar's life, constitute the substance of the book. Its message is that living, vibrant fire which kept Blessed Gaspar alive and made him great — a saint; that zeal for the salvation of souls, and that love of the Precious Blood which burned in the ardent nature of Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo, preacher, confessor. Herald of the Precious Blood, a man who did the will of God.

The Herald of the Precious Blood is valuable both as a record and as a book for spiritual reading.

E.McC. '35

THE WHITE HEADED EAGLE

By Richard G. Montgomery

Yes, the White-Headed Eagle! And the contents are wholly as interesting as their title. Just as the majestic eagle, as the natural leader and the most powerful of all the winged creatures, soars aloft in the azure domains and dictates with undisputed and unparalled authority, so ruled Doctor John McLoughlin in the land of Oregon during its tender age of civilization. Yea, more than this, he first built an empire and then he ruled it. For here again, like the eagle which ventures farther than any other bird into the remote regions of the sky, McLoughlin pushed ahead of his fellow men into the primitive and dangerous West; there, as a monument to his activities, he left a firm basis for the present well-developed and civilized State of Oregon. Such is the story told by Richard G. Montgomery in his White-Headed Eagle.

John McLoughlin was born on a Riviere du Loup farm, on the banks of the St. Lawrence River about one hundred miles below Quebec, in the epochal year of 1784. During his boyhood John's imagination was aroused by his Uncle Alexander, who told him graphic tales of the North West Fur Company in whose service the latter was then active. To counteract this uncle's influence, John's grandfather became equally determined that his favorite grandson should study medicine. However, John

has his own tendencies and dislikes, so in 1803, at the age of nineteen, he entered the ranks of the North West Company. When, in 1821, the North West Company merged into the older and stronger Hudson's Bay Company, Doctor John Mc-Loughlin was already an influential fur trader. In 1824, George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, recognized this fact by appointing Doctor McLoughlin chief factor of the Columbia River region. Here at last was the fulfillment of his highest hopes — a vast, untamed wilderness cut off from civilization, and himself holding dictatorial powers to vanquish that wilderness and establish an empire befitting his regal nature.

True, the above may seem merely a list of plain historical facts; yet Mr. Montgomery never once permits you to recognize them as such, so glowing is his account, so interwoven with the elements of novelty and adventure. You will enjoy the story of how Doctor McLoughlin spent his twenty-one years at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia; how with a kind yet firm hand he swayed the Indians, and, if they became unruly, how he sank deep his revengeful talons; how with unfailing energy and initiative he made rapid progress in furthering the interests of his Company in every field; how not once during his factorship did he receive unkindly any visitor to Fort Vancouver, whether he be friend or foe, American or Britisher; how he invited missionaries into his realm, and fostered the American settlers, even though these settlers were harmful to his trade and avowed enemies of the British; how in the end he was cruelly driven from his kingdom by both the British and the Americans.

In this last respect, as well as in several others, John McLoughlin may be called the Daniel Boone of Oregon. This worthy old trail-breaker had come to that stage where he could rightfully have said, "Veni, vidi, vici." Yet, when he was cruelly deprived of the ownership of a few of the millions of acres of land which he had conquered and subdued, his heart burst with sadness at the cruel ingratitude of his countrymen, and bitterly he exclaimed: "My footsteps have often been marked with blood. Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained by God to settle the wilderness, but never has anything made me feel so sick at heart as this." Well might Oregon's White-Headed Eagle have used these very words!

Using historical data as a background, Montgomery has developed a very telling character sketch of his hero. And a most unique character and personality were his! He was born a Catholic, outwardly lived as a Protestant, yet inwardly he was a Catholic still. When he died the Church was proud to call him her own.

The generosity of the magnanimous man was unbounded. Indeed, so much largess did he bestow upon "travel-weary, hungry, and penniless immigrants," so often did he lend a helping hand to "straitened colonists" that is it no wonder that hundreds of them believed they had met a saint upon earth.

On the other hand, great was the old Doctor's disillusionment caused by many of these roving, unjust, ungrateful rogues, who took every advantage of his charity with no intention of even repaying him, and afterwards absolutely refusing to do so. In a pathetic document penned toward the close of his career, he thus bared his soul: "By British demagogues I have been represented a traitor. For what? Because I acted as a Christian, saved American citizens, men, women and children from the Indian tomahawk, and enabled them to take farms to support their families. American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by the hundreds by savages. I, who saved all I could. - I could not have done more for the settlers if they had been my own brothers and sisters!"

Seeing the venerable old Doctor thus draining the dregs of calumny and ingratitude, one might imagine him on his death-bed in despair. But no! That was not the Eagle's way. For when his faithful wife and children were gathered round his bed on that memorable morning of September 3, 1857, his wife gently asked, "Comment allez-vous?" Confident that he had done his work well the White-Headed Eagle solemnly replied, "A Dieu," and was gone.

James Hinton '38

#### LIBRARY NOTES

Only a few of the books received into the library have been reviewed in the last five issues of the COLLEGIAN. Besides those reviewed a great number of reference works have been purchased, a list of which follows.

Beardless Counsellors, Cecily Hallack; Poem of the Cid, John Ormsby; Eskimo Year, George Sutton; The Mushroom Book, Nina Marshall; Contest Debating,

#### THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Harrison Summers; Science of Biology, George Scott; Cave Life of Kentucky, Vernon Bailey; Canterbury Tales, J. U. Nicolson; Chemical Encyclopedia, C. T. Kingzett; Hortus, L. H. Bailey; Problems in Accounting, Hosmer, Sanders, Hanson; Radio as a Cultural Force, William Paley; The Correct Way of Developing the Singing and Speaking Voice, Carl Cochems; Textbook of General Botany, Holman and Robbins; Poems, Sister Genevieve; Masterpieces of the Russian Drama, George Noyes; Fundamentals of Musical Art, twenty vol., David Berg, editor; Life and Myself, Giovanni Papini; Viking Tales of the North, Rasmus Anderson; Tendencies of the Modern Novel, Hugh Walpole; International Traffic in Arms and Munitions, Julia Johnsen; Adventurers of the Air, E. K. Chatterton; Trees Worth Knowing, Julia Rogers; Book of Garden Flowers, Robert McCurdy; Book of Birds, Neltje Blanchan; Book of Animals, Ernest Seton; Book of Butterflies, Clarence Weed; Book of Wild Flowers, Neltje Blanchan; Wild Flowers, Homer House; The Challenge to Liberty, Herbert Hoover; Education in Indiana, Fassett Cotton; Readings in the Economic History of the U.S., Bogart,

An Economic History of Thompson; Europe, 1760-1930, Arthur Birnie; A Dictionary of Scientific Terms, I. F. Henderson; Democratic Collectivism, Helen Muller; Collective Bargaining, Julia Johnsen; Laws and Ordinances of the City of Fort Wayne; Indiana Acts; A Shorter History of England, Hilaire Belloc; Elementary Laboratory Experiments in Organic Chemistry, Adams, Roger, Johnson; Pettibone's Textbook of Physiological Chemistry, J. F. McClendon; Textbook of General Botany, Gilbert Smith; Second Year College Chemistry, Wm. Chapin; Introduction to Physiological Chemistry, Meyer, Bodansky; Rudiments of Latin, Julius Sturmer; A Textbook of Pharmacognosy, Heber Youngken; Art of Compounding, Wilbur Scoville; Materia Medica, Pharmacology and Therapeutics, Walter Bastedo; Laboratory Manual of Physiological Chemistry, Bodansky, Meyer, Fay; College Organic Chemistry, E. E. Reid; Qualitative Analysis, Chas. Jordan; Food Analysis, A. G. Woodman; Introduction to Quantitative Analysis, Edward Mahin; Surveying, Raymond Davis; Pharmacopoeia of the United States, Reid Hunt; National Formulary; French stories and plays.





The Rev. Joseph Abel, '96, one of the pioneer students of St. Joseph's, died in Sacred Heart Hospital, Garrett, Ind., Feb. 1. Father Abel was chaplain of the Sacred Heart Home for the Aged at Avilla, Ind. He had worked in the diocese of Ft. Wayne for nearly thirty-four years.

To honor His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday and the tenth anniversary of his consecration to the episcopacy, the priests of the South Bend Deanery gave a dinner in the Gold Room of the Oliver Hotel, South Bend. Father Felix Serocynski, '99, was chairman of the committee on preparations for the celebration; he also acted as toastmaster at the dinner.

The students of last year will long remember the Rev. D. Lawrence Monahan, '05, for the pointed and thoughtful address he gave at the commencement exercises. They and all who know him will be happy to learn of his promotion to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church in Ft. Wayne. It is a distinction which he has merited and a position which he will fill with the same enthusiastic zeal that he has shown in all his former activities.

The Rev. Charles J. Feltes, '20, who for the past nine years was assistant at St. Patrick's Church in Ft. Wayne, and just prior to his new appointment was acting pastor of that parish, has been appointed to the position of assistant diocesan Chancellor. Congratulations, Father Feltes.

Professor J. Douglas Perry, Dean of the Department of Journalism at Butler University, recently announced the appointment of Herbert P. Kenney, '33, to the position of editor of the Butler University Collegian. Mr. Kenny had been serving as managing editor during the fall term; he was assistant editor of the St. Joseph's COLLEGIAN in 1932 - 33.

Those students who were at the College in 1924-25 will certainly remember Norbert Klein as a vivacious lad from Chicago, then in his first year of high school. He completed his high school work in Chicago, got into business and began to climb. At the early age of twenty-three he seemed to have nothing less than a brilliant business career before him, but death suddenly overtook him February 25. Death was due to uremic poisoning.

We are sure that all of Norbert's college friends will grieve at the announcement of his death, and join with us in offering deep sympathy to the bereaved family.



Music

Examinations

# SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



To test accurately the degree of interpretative ability of the music students, the

semiannual examinations in music were held on Thursday, Feb.

7. A week previous to

this each student had been assigned a selection, but no instruction was given him on how to interpret this selection. The compositions themselves were for the most part those of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. On the day of the examination the Rev. Joseph Hiller and Professor Paul Tonner acted as judges. They awarded high honors to the following:

#### Piano

IV — Francis McCarthy
IV - B — Lawrence Heiman
III - A — Norman Fisher
III - B — William Callahan
II Caspar Bonifas
I Edward Bulbala

Violin

IV Henry MartinIII Edward ZukowskiII Caspar BonifasI Lawrence Schmiesing

Brass and Reed Instruments
IV John Henrikson
III Gregory Moorman
II Robert Wolff
I Otto Diller

Our librarian had not dreamed of fairy godmothers (or godfathers either) the night before he went down to the courthouse Generous Friend to examine some law books previous to sending off an order to the publishers. But while he was there he met the Honorable Judge M. Leopold. The Judge, who always has been an esteemed friend of the College, donated from his own private library the forty volume set, Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure, and eight companion volumes to this set. We are very grateful for this expensive and substantial addition to our law library.

Quietly the Revs. Gilbert and Rufus Esser slipped away over the week-end of February seventeenth. Ruby Anniversary Hardly anyone knew that they were going; no one knew why they were going. Least of all did their parents know that they were coming home. That Saturday afternoon the train stopped at Cole Camp, Missouri; a few minutes later the two young clergymen lifted the welcoming latch of their home. Then the riddle was solved: our two professors had come to celebrate the ruby wedding anniversary of their parents.

#### IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

The Legion of Decency is not only sweeping the movies clean of dirt; it is

also, perhaps more than any other cause, copperfield reviving an interest in the world's classics.

For example, when David Copperfield came to town recently and the students were given special permission to witness this screen production, the novel, the movie, and Dickens in general became campus talk for days. Since then every available copy of the story that the library holds has been in circulation, and a waiting list of names continues to lengthen.

If it isn't a knee injury or a sprained ankle that keeps John Downey off the hardwood, it is something else; during most Latest Jinx of the season the St. Joseph Cardinals have

been seriously handicapped by the Downey jinx that has followed him. Now he is in the infirmary with a case of the mumps. John didn't like to accept the doctor's diagnosis; "I had the mumps when I was in the seventh grade," he said. But the doctor only smiled and answered: "Three weeks of solitary confinement." Cheer up,

John; at least you are sure of suffering no sprained ankles during that time.

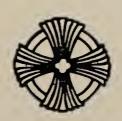
Post offices and banks closed their doors; large cities held parades; St Joseph's raised a flag and Washington's declared a holiday.

Birthday It was Washington's Birthday. Though the

weather was inclement, that did not prevent the students from taking their regular free day morning hike; clad in reefers, sweaters and boots, they bucked the wind and blinding snow. One group even had the courage to have a pancake bake along the Iroquois. In the afternoon the pioneer clothing used in the morning was replaced by polished shoes and well pressed suits, and the band of joy makers tramped to Rensselaer. "Charlie Chan in Paris" at the Palace theatre was the main feature of the down town activities. As evening approached and the homeward trek began, the snow whorls became veritable furies. Did Washington at Valley Forge wish such weather on those who celebrate his anniversary?

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To August Wolf whose father died recently we students extend our sympathy.





#### COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Starting their achievements of the second semester with their usual vivacity, the Columbians sponsored a program on the eve of Washington's Birthday. First in order Henry Martin, Vice President of the organization, introduced Harold Roth, President, who gave his inaugural address entitled: "Washington as a Defender of American Catholics." The tolerance and broadmindedness theme was a beautiful tribute to the Father of Our Country. Mr. Roth spiced his speech with just enough of his own rollicking personality.

Immediately following the address members of the literary circle presented "What a Night," a mystery play in three acts written by Carl Webster Pierce.

#### Dramatis Personae

Alfred Burton	Gerard Krapf
Henry Jarvis	James Scott
Michael	Hugh Hasson
Todd	John O'Brien
Cockney Jake	Ambrose Heiman
John Roper	
Splotch Rimini	Edward Maziarz
Ed Gill	Norman Heckman
Sid	John Kuebler
George	Bernard Mores
Mr. Mack	Joseph Klinker

The plot revolves about Alfred Burton, a lawyer who is supposed to testify against a notorious gang. With Splotch Rimini acting as their chief executor, this group of crooks attempts to exterminate Mr. Burton; he, however, foils their plan by faking his own death. Rimini is apprehended and killed.

The plot of "What a Night" seems to be rather slow moving. Still the local talent kept it from dragging too noticeably. Some of the characters, however, might have accelerated the tempo had they introduced more action; in farce comedy and in the lighter episodes of a mystery play it is not easy to overemphasize action. Bernard Mores caught this spirit as did Alvin Burns in "Set That to Music," presented on Thanksgiving eve. Mores had a difficult part, — one with few cues so that action was the more necessary. His facetious pantomime was excellent characterization of the role he played. Norman Heckman gave a rather excellent impersonation of the small town chief of police, that stock character who is so sure of his ground, so deliberate, who is laughed at throughout the play but who laughs loudest at its end; James Scott, once an escaped convict, in the play a reformed convict and loyal butler, deserves generous praise for the

manner in which he slipped in and out of his ever changing circumstances; so does John O'Brien, the keen-witted reporter for the Tribune. He was everything that a star reporter should be, but that is just why he starred in the play. Ambrose Heiman looked tough and acted tough, but he should have acted tougher. Perhaps there was a little too much of the humorous in his portrayal of Cockney Jake, the convict. The big city crook is clever and cunning, and that is the way that Edward Maziarz portrayed him, except that Ed was a little too suave and had a slight touch of the cockney about him. The other actors, even including Gerard Krapf, had rather minor parts. That is not mentioned deridingly: had they not taken their roles with the exactness that they did the drama would have been just that much less enjoyable. Plays in which every character has an equal opportunity are not easily obtained; in fact; they do not exist. But the minor characters are necessary adjuncts; they knit the play together, serve as foils, or assist the leading actors.

A word yet on Alfred Burton, played by Gerard Krapf. When Shakespeare wrote "The Merchant of Venice" he established a precedent for a play in which the main character does not have the leading role. Pierce followed that precedent in "What a Night." Without Antonio there would be no "Merchant of Venice;" without Alfred Burton there could be no "What a Night." Yet neither Antonio nor Alfred Burton figures prominently on the stage. Burton sets the machinery in motion in the first act and does not appear again until toward the end of the third and last act. Meanwhile he has been the brains of the entire play; he has acted as a foil to Splotch Rimini and Cockney Jake. Judged from this viewpoint Alfred Burton is a prominent character and "What a Night" is a good mystery play.

#### Musical Numbers

"Overture Red Rover," Osgood — Brass Quartette: G. Heinzen, M. Pachowiak, G. Muresan, N. Fisher.

"Minuet," Dussek — String Trio: H. Martin, L. Heiman, E. Zukowski.

"Mosquitoes," Bliss — Glee Club

"Ready When He Comes," (Negro Spiritual) — Glee Club.

#### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

After a rather busy day the Dwengerites assembled Sunday evening, Feb. 24, to discuss means of aiding the missions and to keep aflame the mission spirit that was enkindled at the beginning of the year. The main purpose of the meeting, however, was to decide whether or not to hold the annual Mission Festival. Arguments pro and con were lustily given. When the question had been decided in the affirmative, Anthony Suelzer, James Thornbury and John Elder were appointed to act as a committee on arrangements. From the suggestions which they immediately received it was evident that this year's festival would not suffer from a dirth of novel ideas.

The usual program followed the business meeting. The first speaker, Robert Hoevel, in a quite satisfactory manner answered the question, "Are Protestants Really Sincere?" John Elder, the next speaker, gave first hand information (his father is editor of the Louisville Record) on the need of an active, alert and militant Catholic press. These two addresses made up the instruc-

tive part of the program. Hugh Hasson and James Diedrich furnished the humorous element by a comic dialogue, and the quartette added a touch of the artistic by singing "My Wild Irish Rose." Thus closed an evening profitably, interestingly and entertainingly spent.

There is a scratching of heads and a sharpening of pencils in Collegeville of late, for the Mission Short Story Contest has been officially opened, and the budding Bellocs and Chestertons are all striving with determination to win the first prize of three dollars.

#### RALEIGH CLUB

The lights fade to dimness; a hush comes over the audience. Then the plaintive wailing of Ed Maziarz's saxaphone is heard, and another Raleigh Club program has begun.

#### The Program

"Mr. and Mrs. is the Name," Orchestra (Whistling by O'Grady)

The Adventures of a Romantic Knight. Narrative with musical accompaniment.

"Three Cheers for Love," Orchestra

"Where the River Shannon Flows," quartette

Comic Dialogue, Alvin Burns and James Diedrich

"Continental," Orchestra (Singing and Whistling by O'Grady)

"Out in the Cold Again," Orchestra (Singing and Whistling by ditto)

"Little Tommy Went a Fishin'," Quartette

"The Bulldog on the Bank and the Bullfrog in the Pool," Quartette

"One Night of Love," Orchestra

Impersonation of Amos and Andy, Hugh Hasson

Ed Maziarz and George Heinzen collaborated in the musical concatenation which was played to the narrative of the Romantic Knight's adventures: John Samis, Roman Anderson, Joseph Gedden and Leonard Kostka comprised the vocal quartette; Hugh Hasson of the Pepsodent smile acted as master of ceremonies.

Glynn Kelley edged out Bob Kaple in the pool tournament. The ping pong tournament is now under way.

#### Monogram Club

"There was never a leaf on bush or tree, The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;"

But snugly ensconced in their cozy den the "J" men defied the cold and snow of winter. In fact, they capitalized it, for they planned and held a pinochle tournament. First some preliminary practice was taken, then the real playing began. Finally, when keen competition had cut the number of contestants down to four, excitement reached a climax. In the finals Gene Beeler and Coach De Cook went down under the tremendous piling and playing of Cornelius Wiemels and Rudolph Bierberg.

Now the Monogram boys are planning a blind basketball tourney for the post Varsity season. From the results of previous years this promises to be a highlight of the late winter season. As everybody has an equal chance to win, the game will be fast and furious, and the players will be in there fighting to gain the honor and the prize.



Gallagher Shuffles Cards; Wins 37 - 28

Once more St. Joe's varsity failed to break the two year jinx held over them by Gallagher College. In the big Kankakee armory, February 6, they dropped the fourth consecutive battle to the Illinois team, 37 - 28.

After Andres had hit a long one for the first score, Gallagher pushed ahead and retained the lead until more than half of the second period had been played. At the point when everything looked bad for the St. Joe five, Gaffney broke through Gallagher's defense and made three successive field goals, to tie the score at 23-all. After a few minutes of play without further scoring, a foul called on Dick Scharf gave the Kankakee team the lead, but Andres retaliated with a free throw to even the count. At this critical time, the Gallagher five, with forward Graft as chief exponent, pulled away from the Cards, using their height to great advantage on follow-in shots. Once they set the stride, their lead was never seriously threatened.

It was for the most part just a case of ragged ball handling that spelled defeat for the St. Joe boys. They threw away passes, missed set-up shots, were caught short on defense at the most important times, permitting their opponents to crash through to victory. Yet there were times when the Cardinals' playing was far from poor. Several times Cy Gaffney faked would-be guards out of position, and made good un-

der the basket. Quite often John Downey also exhibited a fine brand of basketball that ended with a score, but as a whole, St. Joe's team was lacking something. Perhaps it was the rooting of the student-body; perhaps, that extra drive of the will to win. St. Joe knows that the Cards are capable of better basketball.

FG	FT	PF
1	0	0
6	4	1
0	0	2
0	0	0
0	1	2
1	0	1
0	2	3
0	1	1
0	0	()
1	2	1
9	10	11
FG	FT	PF
9	3	3
1	0	3
1	2	2
3	2	2
0	0	3
1	0	4
0	0	1
0	0	0
0	0	3
0	0	0
15	7	21
	1 6 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 9 FG 9 1 1 3 0 0 0 1	1 0 6 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0

Referee — Hall

Umpire — Hudleson

Scorers — Cooley, Leuterman

Timekeeper — Van Winkle

#### THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

#### St. Joe Outscores Anderson, 33 - 25

With Co-captain John Downey, Bob Hatton, and Cy Gaffney leading a rally early in the second period, St. Joe's Cardinals emerged victorious over Anderson College in the last home game of the season, 33 to 25.

The first few minutes were all in favor of the Cards. Soon after the opening whistle sounded, "Torchy" Ottenweller found the basket for five points, while Andres and Gaffney each contributed a field goal, to give St. Joe a 9-1 lead. But that eight point advantage failed to bother the Anderson basket hawks in the least. Fading over to the sides, W. Byrd, Frost and C. Byrd connected for six long shots in quick order, to put the Anderson quintet out in front, 13-10. All were beautiful shots, barely skimming the net as they whizzed through. Hatton converted a pivot play into two points for the Cards, but C. Byrd and Frost gave Anderson a five point lead with two more goals. Gaffney and Hatton again came through for a total of four points, and Downey tied the score at 19-all with a free throw after the gun banged ending the first half.

Downey started off the fireworks at the beginning of the second period, and Hatton, Andres, and Gaffney immediately joined in the drive to give the Cardinals a 28 - 20 lead. That's all the St. Joe boys needed. They worked to keep possession of the ball rather than to score, and at

the same time set to guarding their opponents more closely. As a result, the Cards ended the home season with a much needed victory, for a home record of five wins and four defeats. Huntington and Gallagher were the causes for two of these losses, downing the Cards by three point margins, while Manchester took a close one, 27-26, in an overtime struggle.

St. Joe (33)	$\mathbf{FG}$	$\mathbf{FT}$	$\mathbf{PF}$
Gaffney f	3	2	2
Beeler f	0	0	0
Scharf f	0	0	0
Downey f	2	1	0
Ottenweller c	2	1	0
Hatton c	4	1	1
Hession g	1	0	1
Andres g	2	0	2
O'Riley g	0	0	1
	14	5	7
	•		
Anderson (25)	$\mathbf{FG}$	$\mathbf{FT}$	PF
Byrd W. f	3	0	2
Frost f	3	1	2
Bennet c	0	1	3
Byrd C. g	4	3	1
Schnultz g	0	0	0
McKenzie g	0	0	1
Kandatzke g	0	0	1
Kassidy g	0	0	1
	10	5	11

Referee — A. Etter Umpire — R. Etter

Scorers — Leuterman, Morrison

Timekeeper — Biven

#### Huntington College, 42; St. Joe, 28

On February 9, St. Joseph's again were slapped hard by the hand of fate. While the Cardinals stood aside waiting for the dizzy spell to pass, Huntington College

took the opportunity to collect enough points to whip them, 42 - 28.

It was one of those crash-dash-splashing affairs peculiar to small courts, that

Michael f

Bergdall f

Cook f

Ware c

Goslin c

Mankin c

Kirchoff g

Goodale g

Skinner g

Thatcher g

St. Joe (28)

Van Nevel f

Scharf f

Gaffney f

Downey f

Hatton c

Hession g

O'Riley g Andres g

Bubala g

McCarthy f

Ottenweller c

kept the referees running from one end of the floor to the other, with whistles going full blast. Hardly did a player get possession of the ball, when out of nowhere came an opposing player to climb his frame, smack his arm, or give him a gentle push. Perhaps as a means of self-defense, the officials were very watchful. As a result, the score book shows a total of 51 personal fouls committed, forcing seven of the Huntington team's number to take the bench by the foul route, while Van Nevel was St. Joe's sole victim.

In spite of all these seeming advantages, the Cardinals just couldn't get going. Their shots did the usual stunt of rolling off the rim, and as the low rafters forbade long shooting, the Cards were well stumped. They made good 16 of 33 free throw attempts, while Huntington did even worse, dropping in only 10 of 26 tries.

				0 10
Huntington (42)	$\mathbf{FG}$	FT	PF	Referee — Mosbaugh
PeGan f	4	2	4	Umpire — McGuffe
Wilson f	2	0	4	Scorers — Houdashelte, Leuterman
Kindley f	0	0	0	Timekeepers — Branyan, Harriss

#### Joliet Is Winner Over St. Joseph's, 47 - 31

Joliet Junior College avenged the defeat received earlier in the season, by repulsing the Cardinals in a scrappy ball game, 47-31. It was the third loss in as many games for the St. Joe five.

The home team wasted no time in getting off to an 8-0 lead, but Andres came forward with two goals and a free throw to cut down their advantage to three points. Another spurt followed, putting the Illinois team ahead 16-5. At this point, St. Joe's two fast-stepping forwards, Dick Scharf and Cy Gaffney, led an assault that kept the Joliet boys jumping. Slowly but gradually the Cards gained force, pulling

up to a 21 - 17 score as the end of the first half approached. With but a second or two remaining to play, Bretz of the Joliet team, amid a mad scramble on a follow-up shot, tipped the ball to the basket. The sphere rolled around the rim and fell in just as the gun sounded, giving Joliet a 23 - 17 lead.

FT

PF

FG

The second period proved to be St. Joe's downfall. The pride of northern Illinois' junior colleges began a drive that made the Cards wish that there were but one half to that particular ball game. The Bretz-Jones-Tibble combination zipped over the hardwood much too fast for the Cardinal's

#### THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

comfort, and kept the hoop busy swallow-
ing up their field goals. It was only the
stellar shooting of Cy Gaffney that enabled
the Cards to stay in the running to any
marked degree.

St. Joe (31)	$\mathbf{FG}$	FT	$\mathbf{PF}$
Gaffney f	4	7	4
Beeler f	1	1	1
McCarthy f	1	0	1
Scharf f	1	1	1
Hatton c	0	1	3
Hession g	0	2	3
O'Riley g	0	0	0
Andres g	2	1	1
Bubala g	0	0	2
Van Nevel g	0	0	0
	9	13	16

Joliet (47)	FG	FT	PF
Bretz f	4	0	1
Brummond f	0	0	1
Tessatore f	1	0	0
Jones f	6	5	3
Grevening c	3	2	4
Tibble g	2	3	1
Hartford g	0	0	1
Tezak g	2	1	1
Sprague g	0	0	1
	18	11	13

Referee — Stinger
Umpire — Walters
Scorers — Johnson, Leuterman
Timekeepers — Jackson, Harriss

#### St. Joe Nips Anderson, 39 - 34

After a series of painful defeats on the road, St. Joe's varsity finally managed to win a ball game. The gold and black quintet of Anderson was the victim, falling before the cardinal and purple, 39 - 34.

Though the handicaps in the general makeup of the playing court were anything but encouraging, the Cards set out on the aggressive from the very beginning. Cy Gaffney's shooting eye was keyed almost to perfection, as he sank beautiful shots at random from the side of the court. With Scharf, Hatton, and Andres tossing one in now and then, the St. Joe five registered twenty points in the first half, while Anderson tallied just half as many.

The second period showed a new impetus in the Anderson attack. At first St. Joe matched point for point, until the score stood 33 to 23. At this critical termination the boys from central Indiana put on the steam full blast. W. Byrd clicked two goals, Frost "dunked" one, and Gray was

good for two, tying the score 33-all as the crowd roared its approval. But that wasn't all yet. Byrd again stepped forth and put Anderson ahead with a free throw, at which the gym fairly rang. But the echoes died out as Hession made good on two charity tosses to put the Cards in the lead 35 - 34. While the Cardinals were controlling the ball for time, Gaffney and Hession each added goals for good measure, bringing the count to 39 - 34 as the game ended.

St. Joe (39)	$\mathbf{FG}$	$\mathbf{FT}$	PF
Gaffney f	9	1	1
Scharf f	3	0	3
Beeler f	0	0	1
Hatton c	1	1	4
Ottenweller c	0	2	1
Andres g	1	0	0
Bubala g	0	0	2
Hession g	2	3	1
Van Nevel g	0	0	1
	16	7	14

#### SPORTS

Anderson (34)	FG	$\mathbf{FT}$	${ m PF}$	Gray g	2	0	0
Byrd W. f	5	1	1				
Frost f	4	1	3		14	6	9
Kandatzke f	0	0	1				
Bennet c	0	3	0	Referee — Cam	pbell		
Byrd C. g	3	1	4	Scorers — Mor	rison, Leuter	man	
Martin g	0	0	0	Timekeepers —	Montague, I	Harriss	

#### Senior League Notes

Playing a fine brand of basketball throughout the season, the Sixth Year quintet captured the Senior League pennant for the third consecutive year, with a record of eight wins and no defeats. Bill Hartlage led the scoring of the league, averaging over ten points per game. With other men to bank upon as George LaNoue, Maurice Rinderly, Jim Thornbury, Joe Leuterman, Jim O'Grady, and Jim Scott, the Seniors sailed through the season with comparative ease. Their strongest rivals proved to be the Fifths, over whom they scored two close victories, 16-10 and 24 - 20. The last game with the Fifths brought their total to twenty-one consecutive victories in the past three years. Hail to the champs!

The Fifths, led by Charlie Froelich, Joe Smolar, Fred Steininger, and Red O'Conner, managed to pull through with undisputed honors for second place, though they experienced quite a bit of trouble in the meantime. They showed themselves to be a never-give-up team, coming from behind in several close contests to win in the last

quarter. Bill Stack, Tim Doody, and Leslie Henrikson were also big helps in the Fifths' lineup.

The Fourths, Thirds, and Seconds came out with divided honors for third place. Each team defeated the other one in two games. The fourths placed their hopes mainly in Jim Thurin, Ed Finan, and Jim Kelley. The Thirds' power was found in Julius Thurin, Ed Manderback, and Fred Hanpeter. The Seconds had a well balanced, hard fighting bunch of youngsters, and made it tough for every team they played. Cornelius Sterling, Gerry McGraw, Red Green, and the Elder brothers, Harold and Gerald, composed, perhaps, one of the best passing teams that the Senior League offered.

#### Final Standings:

	W	L
Sixths	8	0
Fifths	6	2
Fourths	2	6
Thirds	2	6
Seconds	2	6





Meyer: "Why does a woman always get off a train backwards?"

Muresan: "So that she can have the last word with the conductor."

Czarnik: "Pipe down. Dunn is trying to sing Hoeval to sleep."

Egolf: "If I were Hoeval, I'd make believe I was asleep."

Lightning in Ohio struck an illicit whiskey still. The extent of the damage to the lightning is as yet not described.

Judge (in traffic court): "I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail."

Glorioso: "Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?"

Judge: "What do you mean?"

Glorioso: "Fine today — cooler tomorrow."

The tenderfoot thought he could ride, and he mounted a pony in front of a group of cowboys. The pony soon threw him. A cowboy, helping him up, said: "What's the matter, can't you ride him?"

"Sure I can," replied the tenderfoot, "but didn't you see him buck? He bucked something fearful!"

"Bucked my eye," said the cowboy, "he only coughed!"

When Sphire was in the navy his first-officer called to him and said: "Go below

and break up that crap game." Sphire disappeared below and was gone for the better part of an hour. When he returned, the officer demanded: "Did you succeed in breaking up that game?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sphire.

"Well, what in thunder took you so long?"

"Say," answered Sphire, "I had only two bits to start with!"

Joseph Aledasnabaladiedoescheda is the name of a resident in Detroit. It is pronounced "Joe."

A Negro was arrested and brought before a commissioner for having a still on his premises. He was asked by the commissioner: "How do you plead?"

The Negro said: "I pleads guilty and waives the hearing."

"What do you mean, 'Waive the hearing?'" asked the commissioner.

"I means I don't wanta heah no mo' about it."

Visitor: "I've heard a great deal about you."

Suelzer (absently): "Possibly, but you can't prove it."

Prefect: "Here, don't hit that boy when he's down."

McGraw: "What do you think I got him down for?"

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"Oh, that call is for me," said the daughter as she siezed the phone and glued her ear to it."



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